DAREDEVIL®

"Fall from Grace" chapter 1

MARVEL® COMICS

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McDANIEL

ON JUNE 13, 1963, 22 GLASS GLOBES CONTAINING AN UNIDENTIFIED GAS WERE BROKEN OPEN ALONG THE LENGTH OF THE NEW YORK CITY SUBWAY SYSTEM.

THE TWENTY-THIRD DID NOT BREAK...

...AND IT WAS NEVER RECOVERED.

22 MEN AND WOMEN LEFT SHATTERED GLASS BELOW, ON THEIR RETURN TO WHAT THEY'D LEFT BEHIND IN WASHINGTON--

--LIVES THAT COULD BE TRACED BACK TO PAYCHECKS CUT AT THE PENTAGON.

BETTER FOR MISSION SECURITY TO REPLACE PROPER NAMES WITH TRAIN LINES.

NOOOO!

SKREEEE

& SON

AND EASIER FOR GENERAL HARRY "TNT" KENKOY TO REMOVE LOOSE ENDS IF THEY WERE ALREADY LACKING IN HUMAN IDENTITY.

THEN IT WAS ONLY PUTTING THE BRAKES TO THE FLUSHING EXPRESS.

SENDING THE 8TH AVENUE LOCAL OFF THE TRACKS.

BRINGING THE BROOKLYN-QUEENS CROSSTOWN TO A DEAD STOP.

GROVE / FRED MACMURRAY
HILLIARD · YACHT CLUB BOYS
RVD MILDRED BAILEY & BAND

EDDIE PASSIM FEARED BEING DERAILED, BUT ALL HE COULD THINK OF WAS THE THING HE'D LET HAPPEN TO THERESA BELLWETHER.

A TELEPATH, EDDIE WAS MORE USED TO OTHERS' THOUGHTS THAN HIS OWN...

...THOUGHTS LIKE THOSE LURKING ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE HOTEL ROOM DOOR.

BRKOOM BRKOOM

EDDIE STARTED RUNNING, THEN, AND WOULDN'T STOP FOR 20 YEARS.

BUT FAST AS HE WENT, EDDIE COULD NEVER ESCAPE THE SHAME OF A WOMAN'S DEATH...

...OR THE DARK SECRET OF WHAT WAITED INSIDE THE GLOBE THAT DIDN'T BREAK...

THE BIG APPLE, JUST SHY OF THE HUDSON RIVER.

TWO DECADES LATER, AND ONE MORE STEP CLOSER TO THE ABYSS.

Hades is New York City with all the escape hatches sealed.

--James R. Frakes
New York Times, paraphrased

FALL FROM GRACE PART I.

by P.G. CHICHESTER & SCOTT McDANIEL · inker AVON · letterer BILL OAKLEY · colorist CHRIS MATTHYS · editor RALPH MACCHIO · asst. editor PAT GARRAHY · chief TOM DEFALCO

I'VE HAD ABOUT ENOUGH OF YOU, CRIPPLER!

NEVER ENOUGH OF A GOOD THING, DARE-DEVIL--

KTROOM!

--OR A BAD ONE, heh-heh!

--URRK--

SHRIP

KEEP YOUR TWISTED SENSE OF GRATITUDE, CRIPPLER--

--HRRGGK--

THAT HURT-- THANKS!

LEMME RETURN THE FAVOR!

FWAAK

--THE LAST THING I WANT TO BE IS ON WHAT PASSES FOR YOUR GOOD SIDE!

SHOW-OFF. ACROBATICS MAY SAVE YOUR TAIL, DD, BUT THEY WON'T DO JACK FOR THAT BUM PASSIM!

TKRAAM!

DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT HIM FOR--DON'T CARE!--

--BUT SILVER SABLE INTERNATIONAL'S GOT A CASH CONTRACT TO BRING IN THAT DRIFTER, MAKIN' EDDIE-BOY OURS ALONE!

NICE PIECE'A WOOD.

THE CONFLICT BEGAN 27 MINUTES BACK AND FOUR BLOCKS EAST--

--DAREDEVIL'S INQUIRIES AMONG THE HOMELESS CONCERNING EDDIE PASSIM COLLIDING WITH CRIPPLER'S TORTURES OF THE SAME.

THE MERCENARY'S SADO-MASOCHISM WILL DRAG THE FIGHT OUT AS LONG AND HARD AS IT CAN GET.

TO THE HERO, THAT'S TIME BETTER SPENT PROTECTING ANOTHER STREET PERSON FROM EDDIE'S MENTALLY IMPLANTED SUGGESTIONS THAT THEY COULD RE-MAKE THEMSELVES PHYSICALLY... COMPLETELY. IT IS INFECTIOUS MADNESS.

HYPER-KEEN SENSE OF SMELL KEYS ON ACRID, LEAKING FUEL, RADAR ECHOING BACK THE WEAPON'S FORM.

TACTILE FEELING SEARCHES THE DEBRIS FOR A ROUGH-EDGED TRIGGER.

KRNK

THERE'S MY BABY!

SWEET THING'S WARM FOR YOUR FORM, RED-MAN! IT WON'T HURT--MUCH--AND EVEN SO, I THINK YOU'RE GONNA LIKE IT!

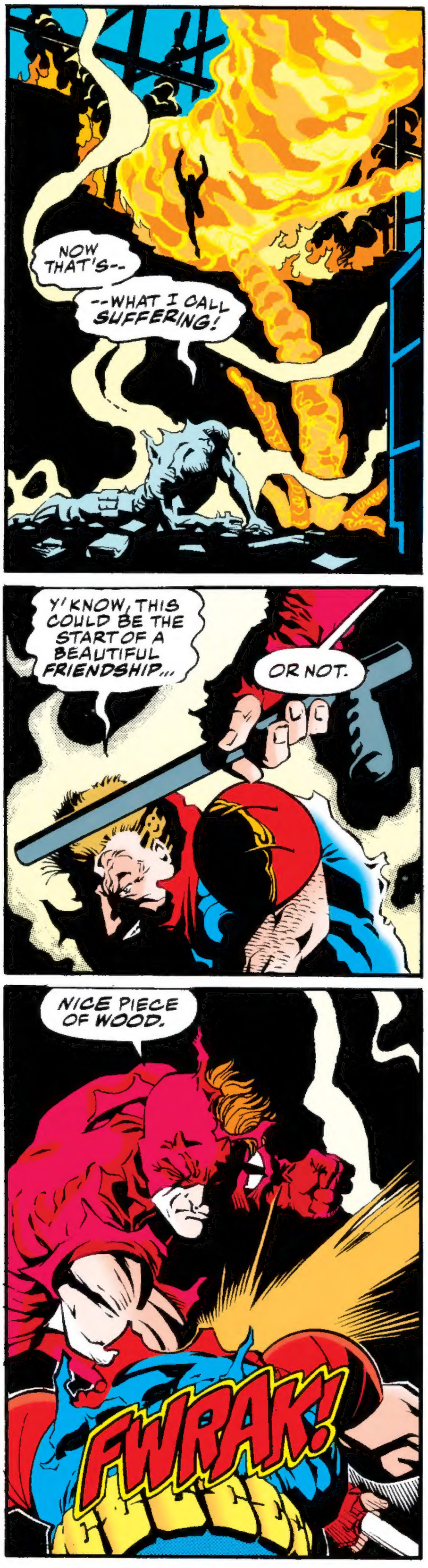
I MEAN, YOU'RE ALREADY DRESSED FOR THE INFERNO--

--HUH?

SKZZAAT

HORN HEADED S.O.B. RIGGED--

FWRAKOOM!


NOW THAT'S--
--WHAT I CALL SUFFERING!
Y'KNOW, THIS COULD BE THE START OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP...
OR NOT.
NICE PIECE OF WOOD.
FWRAK!

BUT I PREFER MINE.

A TEMPLE OF THE BEAST.

WITH THE DARK PRIESTHOOD THAT IS THE SNAKEROOT.

ALL GLORY TO OUR MASTER WHO IS THE BEAST!

TAKE PRIDE IN THE PRIVILEGE YOU ENJOY TO SERVE AS HIS HAND!

BUT OUR MASTER CRAVES MORE THAN YOUR SKILLS AS WARRIORS TONIGHT, NINJA!

WHO AMONG YOU WILL ATTEND HIS NEED?

WHO WILL MAKE THE ULTIMATE SACRIFICE?

I-- I OFFER MYSELF, LORD DAITO.

AND WHAT IS YOUR NAME, CHILD?

ERYNYS, GREAT TEKAGI.

ERYNYS.

HOW LIKE THE GREEK SPIRIT OF ANGER, hmm?

HOW APPROPRIATE FOR THE STATION IN LIFE YOU SEEK!

IN LIFE...

...AND BEYOND...

GENKOTSU... DO YOU HAVE SOMETHING FOR OUR SWEET ERYNYS?

THE BEAST PLACES SPECIAL DEMANDS ON HIS CONSORT, NINJA.

HIS EMBRACE IS FAR FROM GENTLE.

HIS CARESS COLD AND HARSH...

I--I ACHE--

--TO FEEL IT--!

SHRMMMK!

GO NOW, HAND OF THE BEAST--

--AND PRAY THAT WE SHOULD ALL GIVE OURSELVES TO OUR MASTER WITH SUCH WILLINGNESS!

IT IS DONE.

AND IT HAS BEGUN...

YOU PREACH STRONG WORDS, LORD DAITO.

TELL ME... DO YOU PRACTICE THEM, AS WELL?

DO YOU QUESTION MY LOYALTY, MASTER?

IF THAT WERE THE CASE, NINJA, YOU WOULD BE DEAD ALREADY!

NO, I QUESTION YOUR ABILITY!

TIME AND AGAIN THE HAND I HAVE LEFT IN YOUR CHARGE HAS FAILED ME!

THEY HAVE BECOME A TOOTHLESS THREAT! THIS GAMBIT MUST RESTORE THEIR MENACE!

PROVE YOUR WORTH TO ME, DAITO... OR SEE YOUR PRECIOUS SNAKEROOT TORN UP AND LEFT TO ROT IN THE DIRT!

YES-- GREAT-- BEAST!

THE BEAST TRAMPLES THE SAVAGE PRIDE AT THE CORE OF THE SNAKEROOT DAITO COMMANDS.

KRTAAM!

THE NINJA'S SWORD SLASHES, RECKLESS WITH FRUSTRATION.

HE CURSES HIS SHADOWY MASTER'S SEVERE DECREE.

AND NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME, DAITO CURSES HIMSELF FOR GIVING IN WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A WORD.

I'M THE PRESIDENT--

--AND I'VE GOT THE BUTTON.

WIND OR DIE!

WE ♥ Wind

Y'all

WIND HE'S GOT GUTS AND THE BUTTON!

PUSH COMES TO SHOVE, I BLOW THE PLANET TO KINGDOM COME.

HEY, THERE'S NO GOING TOO FAR DEFENDING THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE.

COURSE, IT'D BE ONE MOTHER OF A SHOVE FOR ME TO BLOW THIS SWEET DEAL--COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF BEATS S.H.I.E.L.D. CYBORG ANY DAY.

NOW MY JOB BENEFITS ARE SHACKING UP WITH MARILYN LOOKALIKES AND $200 HAIRCUTS ON AIRPORT RUNWAYS.

USED TO BE THE PERKS WERE STALE KEY LIME PIE AT THE S.H.I.E.L.D. COMMISARY, BODY-BAGGING KUNG-FU KILLERS OF THE HAND--

--AND PRESSING FLESH WITH A SWEET-BODY CHOP-SOCKEY WITCH NAMED ELEKTRA.

MY HORMONES HAVE KEPT HER IN MY THOUGHTS--

--HELPED OUT BY SOME NINJA "MIND MELD" WE HAD GOING.

I KEPT A WASHCLOTH, TOO, ONE SHE USED SHOWERING AT THE POTOMAC MOTOR INN. BUT THAT'S ANOTHER--

--WHO PLANTED THAT IN THE ROSE GARDEN?

--HELICARRIER, FRANK, SIGNAL THE HELICARRIER LET 'EM KNOW WE'RE--

--HRAAK--

BILL OHMIGOD--BILL!

I'm--I'm the president--

REQUEST DENIED.

--I've got--I've got the--

HELICARRIER CONTROL, THIS IS SHIELD SUBSTATION 14! WE ARE UNDER ATTACK! REPEAT, UNDER ATTACK! REQUESTING--

:SKRZAAAT:

ELEKTRA TRUSTED YOU WITH A GIFT, JOHN GARRETT, MORE PRECIOUS THAN YOU KNEW.

MORE TERRIBLE THAN SHE COULD HAVE EVER FEARED.

SKLOOSH

I'm... the president...

ANYONE CAN GROW TO BE PRESIDENT, CHILD. BUT ONLY WITH THE PROPER UP-BRINGING.

LET TEKAGI OF THE SNAKEROOT BE YOUR NEW FATHER, JOHN. MY TOUCH WILL GUIDE YOU GENTLY.

MY HAND WILL TEACH YOU DISCIPLINE...

AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD IS A PLACE FOR THOSE SEEKING MORE THAN ORDINARY LIFE HAS TO OFFER.

AND TO OFFER THEMSELVES IN SERVICE TO THOSE DOWN BELOW.

FEW CHOOSE TO CLIMB THE WALL THEY FIND THERE.

FEWER STILL ARE WORTHY ENOUGH TO REACH THE SUMMIT.

STRENGTH AND PURITY MAKE FOR SURVIVAL...

...WHILE A JUSTIFIED ARROGANCE IN THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS GIVES THEM THE RIGHT TO SPEAK THEIR MINDS.

OFTEN LITERALLY.

THE CHASTE CANNOT ALLOW OUR SHADOW WARRIOR TEACHINGS TO BECOME INSTRUMENTS OF EVIL!

YOU SPEAK AS IF ELEKTRA DID THIS THING INTENTIONALLY, FLAME!

NO, STONE, ONLY FOOLISHLY! LEAVING PART OF HER ESSENCE BEHIND...

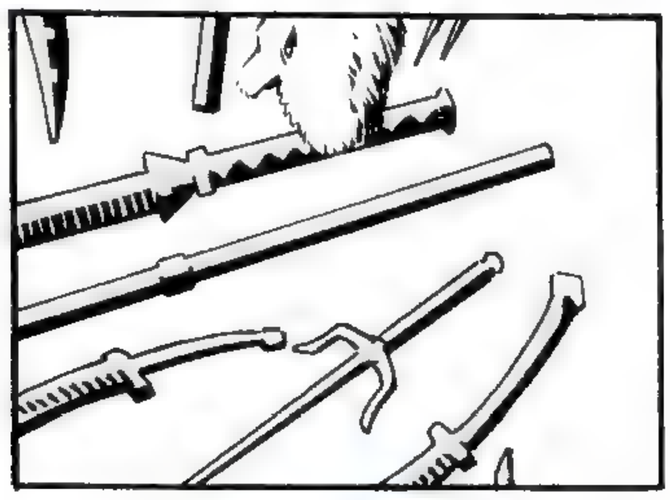
...THE HAND EVEN NOW MOVES TO TAKE HOLD, AND PUT THAT ESSENCE IN SERVICE TO THEIR BEAST!

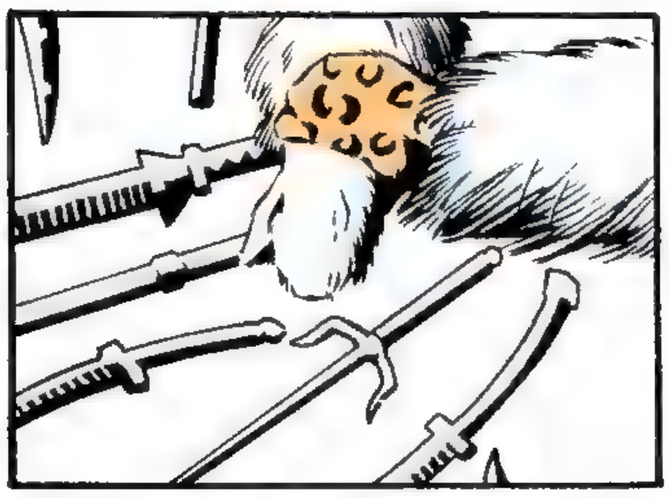
THAT ELEKTRA-- THE ASSASSIN-- SHE IS NO MORE, WIPED CLEAN.

WHAT PURPOSE IS THERE IN ASSIGNING BLAME?

NONE.

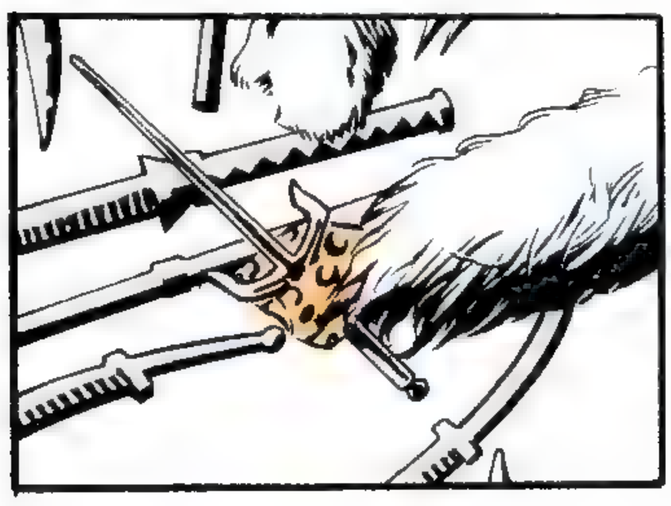
THE ONLY PURPOSE WE CONCERN OURSELVES WITH NOW IS PREVENTING HER DEADLY SKILLS FROM COMING TO LIFE WITHIN THE HAND.





NO. THIS IS NOT FOR YOU.

THIS IS MY BURDEN, MY RESPONSIBILITY.



AND MY CHOICE HOW BEST TO STRIKE THE KILLING BLOW...

SYMKARIAN EMBASSY.

EMBASSY ROW, NEW YORK CITY, NY.

I'M ANXIOUS TO FIND EDDIE, SILVER.

"MS. SABLE."

EXCUSE ME?

YOU CAN CALL ME "MS. SABLE," GENERAL KENKOY.

I SEE.

EDDIE-- MY COUSIN-- HE'S VERY IMPORTANT TO ME... I WORRY ABOUT HIM OUT THERE ON THE STREET.

I NEED YOU TO FIND HIM FOR ME AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

THAT'S WHAT'S COVERED ON YOUR BILL-- THE ONE WITH ALL THE ZEROS FOLLOWING THE NUMBER FIVE.

THAT'S WHY I'VE GOT ONE OF THE TOP MEN IN MY WILD PACK ON THE JOB.

SOUNDS LIKE YOUR BOSS PUTS A LOT OF FAITH IN YOU, CRIPPLER.

:MMRMMF:

I CAN'T STRESS HOW IMPORTANT--

GOOD SPEAKING WITH YOU, GENERAL.

GIVE HER MY BEST...

KEERAASH!

IF THIS IS ONE OF YOUR DEVIANT PLEASURE-PAIN GAMES, CRIPPLER...

...I GUESS NOT.

OWWW-- THAT HURT!

DO IT AGAIN... PLEASE?

SHRIIP!

TELL ME WHO IT IS YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING POST OFFICE WITH, CRIPPLER.

I'LL SEE HE GETS SENT TO THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE...

HE WATCHES HER, BUT NOT WITH EYES.

VISION WOULD LIMIT WHAT HE "SEES" WITH HIS OTHER SENSES--

--THE SOFT RHYTHM OF BREATH, THE SWEET PERFUME OF HER SCENT.

HE WANTS TO FEEL THE WARMTH OF HER SKIN BENEATH HIS CARESS...

...BUT THAT WAS FOR ANOTHER TIME, BEFORE UNTHINKING WORDS MADE FOR IRREPARABLE DAMAGE.

KLIK

WHO TURNED ON THE--

NOW THEY'RE "JUST FRIENDS"--AS IF THE DEPTH OF TRUE FRIENDSHIP CAN BE CONVEYED SO CASUALLY--

MATT?

--AND IT'S A FRIEND MATT MURDOCK SEEKS OUT IN TIME OF NEED.

OHMIGOD, MATT! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?!

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WITH US BLIND GUYS, KAREN...

...IF WE'RE NOT WALKING INTO WALLS, WE'RE WALKING INTO FLAMETHROWERS.

CUTE.

TOO BAD I CAN'T SAY THE SAME FOR THOSE THIRD DEGREE BURNS.

MELO-DRAMATIC, AREN'T WE? THEY'RE SECOND, IF THAT.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MATT? IT'S NOT LIKE YOU TO DO SOME-THING HALF-WAY!

DON'T BE SUCH A BABY ... IT'S JUST IODINE!

YEEOWWG!

TRY IT WITH *HYPER-SENSES.*

THANKS, KAREN...

DON'T-- DON'T TOUCH--

--NOT LIKE THAT.

I'M SORRY. IT'S JUST-- WHAT WE *HAD* AND *HAVE* ARE TWO *DIFFER-ENT* THINGS.

THIS--THIS IS GOING TO TAKE *MORE* THAN FIXING A FEW *TEARS*, YOU KNOW.

IT'S GOING TO TAKE TIME-- AND YOU'VE GOT TO *REST.*

AND WHILE I DO...? THERE'S SOMETHING *BEHIND* ALL THIS *WORSE* THAN LUNACY OVER-TAKING THE HOME-LESS!

CRIPPLER, SABLE, AND GOD KNOWS WHAT ELSE ARE AFTER THIS EDDIE... HOW MANY GET *HURT* WITH THAT BRAND OF *HARDCASE* RUN-NING *WILD* IN THE STREETS?

MATT MURDOCK, YOU ARE SO IMPOSSIBLY--

FOLLOW MY HANDS... HERE'S WHAT WE CAN DO TO *SALVAGE* THIS MESS...

LAZY DAYZ MOTEL.

BOROUGH OF QUEENS.

IT'S ONE WAY THE CITY'S GOT OF TAKIN' THE "STREET" OUTTA "STREET PEOPLE."

ROOM HERE GOES FOR 20 DOLLARS A DAY... CITY PAYS $2250 A MONTH. CLEVER, HUH?

YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK ... MAKES ME GLAD I GOT NOTHIN' TO PAY.

BETTER WATCH YOURSELF, RED. KEEP LOOKIN' LIKE THAT, CITY'LL BE PUTTIN' YOU UP NEXT!

THAT BAD, JESS?

I'LL TALK TO MY SEAMSTRESS.

MEANTIME, YOU FEEL LIKE TALKING ABOUT EDDIE?

"FEELIN'" SAYS IT, ALRIGHT. THE MAN GETS INSIDE YOUR HEAD --TUNE INTO W.E.S.P., YOU SEE?--AND GIVES YOU A PIECE OF HIS PAIN.

BUT FORGIVE THAT TWILIGHT ZONE FACT, AND EDDIE'S NO DIFFERENT THAN ANYONE ELSE.

HE JUST WANTS THE HURTIN' TO STOP, DAREDEVIL.

JESSIE'S LOW VOICE OVERLAPS THE ROOM'S AROMA--

--A UNIQUE BLEND OF EVERGREEN AIR FRESHENER AND ROACH POISON--

--BLURRING WITH A STROBING MOTION BEYOND THE DOOR--

--SIMULTANEOUS IMPRESSIONS SENDING DAREDEVIL INTO SINGLE-MINDED ACTION.

YOU SHOULD'VE STAYED CLEAR OF MY BUSINESS, HORNHEAD!

KRAAM!

DOWN!

DROP-KICKED IN TO TELL ME THAT PER-SONALLY?

HOW NICE.

TRY BEING FLIP WITH A CHAI DOWN YOUR--

--NO ONE CAN DODGE THAT MANY--

DON'T DELUDE YOURSELF, LADY.

TRUTH HURTS, HUH?

NOW THERE'S A YARD OF *POLYESTER* THAT'LL NEVER *MENACE* ANYONE AGAIN.

BEFORE YOU THREATEN ANY MORE TEXTILES...

FOLLOW THE LEADER!

:HRNNK:

HEY-- I DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE!

THEN WHY ARE YOU LIVING IN NEW YORK?

THWAMK!

MY NECK... I THINK IT'S--

ALRIGHT-- DON'T MOVE.

LET ME TAKE A--

IT'S TRUE WHAT THEY SAY--YOU ARE A HUMANI-TARIAN!

HOW HAVE YOU SURVIVED THIS LONG?

DRIVE.

I'm movin to Connecticut--

FEELS MORE LIKE A POLY-COTTON TO ME-- WHAT DO YOU THINK?

SKREEE!

I RUN A BUSINESS COMMITTED TO PROFIT, DAREDEVIL-- YOUR INTER-FERENCE MAKES FOR LOSS!

AM I MAKING MYSELF CLEAR?

WAS I SUPPOSED TO BE LISTENING?

GOT A GOOD GRIP, SABLE.

TOO BAD FOR YOU.

GOT PLENTY ALREADY, THANKS. SO DO YOU, IT SEEMS.

IF IT'S TROUBLE YOU WANT, DARE-DEVIL...

THINK ABOUT THIS. MAYBE YOU'RE A CAPITALIST SAMARITAN, FINDING HARRY KENKOY'S LONG-LOST RELATION, EDDIE PASSIM.

AND MAYBE YOU'RE A CAPITALIST STOOGE, LACKING THE KNOWLEDGE THAT EDDIE PASSIM IS AN ORPHAN, AND HAS NO RELATIVES.

I DON'T-- I DON'T HAVE TO CONCERN MYSELF WITH MY CLIENTS' MOTIVES.

HOW ABOUT CONCERNING YOURSELF WITH A CLIENT LYING TO YOU, AND HOW THAT AFFECTS YOUR REP?

"MERCENARY" IS A FINE LINE TO WALK, LADY. HIRE OUT FOR THE WRONG REASONS AND ALL TALK OF INTEGRITY BECOMES HOLLOW.

I DON'T NEED YOU TO TELL ME MY BUSINESS!

BRING ME PROOF, THEN. BUT IF YOU'RE WRONG-- OR IF YOU'RE LYING-- EDDIE GOES BACK ON THE BOOKS.

I'LL HAVE THE DRAPES DRY-CLEANED JUST IN CASE.

AND I'LL BE WAITING...

SARA HARRINGTON'S APARTMENT.

"ALPHABET CITY," NYC.

YOU'RE NO REDFORD IN THAT "SNEAKERS" PICTURE, ARE YOU, HARRINGTON?

YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY MATTHEW BRODERICK IN "WARGAMES" EITHER, MR. URICH.

COMPUTER HACKING'S NOT SO MUCH SCIENCE AS ART-- SLIPPING BIT AND BYTE TUMBLERS TO OPEN LOCKS INTO WHERE YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE!

AT&T
SWITCHING RELAY NO. [illegible]
SUBSTATION 78[illegible] PING
GRID EN[illegible]E.
TRANSFER FILE SIZ A6784
RETURN [illegible]UPLICATE//023//
INTERFACE SECURED
ACCESS LEVEL

ENOUGH TECHNO-BABBLE, I'VE GOTTA HEAR THIS...

--AS THE STAND-OFF CONTINUES BETWEEN J. JONAH JAMESON, OWNER OF THE DAILY BUGLE, AND CORPORATE RAIDER COLONEL F.T. STRANG.

STRANG'S MANIPULATIONS OF BOTH THE PRESS-MEN'S UNION AND THE TEAMSTERS HAVE CAUSED PROBLEMS FOR THE JAMESON-OWNED BUGLE.

KEY BUGLE PERSONNEL REMAIN LOCKED OUT OF THEIR OFFICES AS THE TWO MEN AT THE TOP CONTINUE TO LOCK HORNS.

POWER PLAY

I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MUCH I *HATE* THIS! I WANT MY FILES, SARA, I *WANT* MY *STORIES!*

I'M HEADING HOME... LEMME KNOW IF YOU STRIKE GOLD. OR SILICON. WHATEVER.

I'M ON IT!

GOTTA BE A *BACK DOOR*, GOTTA BE...

DAILY BUGLE
USER NAME:XXXXX
ALL SYSTEMS LOG-INS ARE TEMPORARILY DENIED.

YES! WE ARE IN! "*REPORTER WANNABE CRACKS SYSTEM*"-- IT AIN'T THE *BIG STORY* YET, BUT IT'S A START!

START FILE DOWNLOAD...

ARRRGG!

CORRUPTED FILE IN THE TRANSFER-- MESSING EVERYTHING TOGETHER!

/.>?:∀{ΠOAH–
ΦΥΣΙΗΧΞΝΞΝΧΗΩ(ΕΛΥΗΔ–
Χϑ ΝΧΞΚΑϑΗΚΔϑΝΞΝ
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GONNA HAVE TO TRY AND RECON-STRUCT--

--whoa--

IT AIN'T THE *BIG STORY* YET...

...BUT IT'S A *START*...

SHE WONDERS WHY SHE FOLLOWS HIM. IS IT BECAUSE **MATT MURDOCK IS DAREDEVIL**--AND DAREDEVIL RECENTLY DEPRIVED HER OF A VALUABLE BOUNTY?

NO, IT IS BECAUSE **DAREDEVIL IS MATT MURDOCK**--THE ONLY MAN SHE HAS EVER LOVED. BUT THAT WAS YEARS [illegible]O. THERE SHOULD B[illegible] NOTH[illegible]G LEFT OF THAT. NOT[illegible]NG A[illegible]L
DARED[illegible]IL D[illegible]A[illegible]S, AND CLEARS [illegible]MIN[illegible]F [illegible]HT. A WAVE [illegible]SC[illegible] [illegible]F [illegible]UP

WEST VILLAGE. MATT MURDOCK'S APARTMENT.

--IN BIOMIMETICS, SCIENCE IMITATES THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURES NATURE MANUFACTURES.

OUR GOAL AND REWARD ARE MAN-MADE MATERIALS AS DURABLE AND FLEXIBLE AS THEIR NATURAL INSPIRATIONS.

IMAGINE CLOTH WITH THE TENSILE STRENGTH OF SPIDER-WEBBING, ARMOR WITH THE LAYERED FRAMEWORK OF ABALONE SHELL--

KLIK!

File Edit View Speci

Dressing For The 21st Century: The World Of Materials Research

--CANAL STREET ANTIQUE YARD, ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF CANAL AT MOTT--

BRIING BRIING

KLIK!

MATT--IT'S FOGGY! GOT YOUR MACHINE--WHAT A SURPRISE! THAT'S SARCASM, PARTNER.

LOOK, I APPRECIATE YOU TAKING THAT PAPERWORK HOME TO FINISH UP...

...BUT HOLDING IT HOSTAGE THERE DOESN'T HELP ANY MORE THAN YOU NOT DOING IT IN THE OFFICE!

THAT'S SARCASM, TOO! I'M A QUICK STUDY!

Y'KNOW, I'D ACCUSE YOU OF LEADING SOME KIND--SOME KIND OF DOUBLE LIFE...

...BUT THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN INCOMMUNICADO, MATT, IT'S LIKE YOU'VE GOT NO LIFE...

GIVE ME A BREAK, FOGGY. A COUPLE MORE DAYS TO WRAP UP THIS EDDIE BUSINESS--

--THEN IT'S ALL BACK TO STATUS QUO...

CANAL ST. ANTIQUE YARD

EDDIE... I KNOW YOU'RE THERE!

JESSIE TOLD ME SOME OF WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH...

...SHE SAID YOU WANTED HELP!

TH-THAT'S FOR SURE... AND THAT SURE WOULD BE NICE...

BEEN ALONE A LONG TIME, Y'KNOW... AND I BEEN ALL OVER...

...BUT THEY'RE CATCHIN' UP WITH ME NOW, ALL OF 'EM... THE GENERAL, THE V-VIRUS AND THERESA...

GENERAL... DO YOU MEAN KENKOY? VIRUS? AND WHO'S--

...I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN HANDLE 'EM ALL BY MYSELF NO MORE...

YOU DON'T HAVE TO... I'M HERE FOR YOU.

TOGETHER, WE'LL END WHATEVER'S TORTURING YOU INTO HARMING OTHERS...

N-NO!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, EDDIE, WE'LL TAKE IT SLOW AND--

NOOOO!

INSIDE HIS HEAD, WHITE-HOT PAIN NOT HIS OWN.

MENTAL AGONY CENTERING AROUND A WOMAN NAMED THERESA.

IMAGES-- ATROCITIES --UNDER THE CUTTING EDGE OF SURGICAL STEEL.

ROILING, FRAGMENTED SENSATION, DISORIENTING FROM THE INSIDE OUT.

Eddie... wait! what is it?

WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?

THE ANSWER GETS UNLEASHED IN 30: HELLSPAWN--"TRANSGRESSION!"